



A Bribe With Benefits by 217

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Summary: Left with no choice, Hopper bribes the offensive woman he exchanges insults with out on a date. (I just wanted an excuse to write smut.) This has a ton of season 3 spoilers if you're not caught up. Told from Hopper's POV.

A Bribe With Benefits

It used to be that I'd go right for the donuts when I get to work. Now, I zoom past them and I lock myself away in my office, festering over whatever argument El and I got into the night before. It's always the same topic of conversation. "Fucking Mike," I sneer. I'm startled when I hear a heavy sigh in the corner and the intern Landis standing up from my filing cabinet. Shit, I didn't even notice her in my damn office.

"I mean," she starts, using the file to brush her blonde bangs from her face, "for like three months, it's been 'fuck Mike this' and 'I'm going to kill Mike that'," she mocks my tone, even trying to pooch her stomach out some because she's never happier than when she's insulting me. "Just ask him out already, man."

"What?!" I choke on my coffee, trying to fight for a breath. "No! Mike is the guy my daughter is dating," I set the record straight. Do I really bitch that much about him?

Her lip turns upward. "Ew. You reproduced? God help the bedevilled generation of your offspring."

I snap her a glare she's unfazed by. "I'm going to kill him."

"That is ill-advised."

"I can do whatever I want."

"Then why don't you start by shaving the mustache. You look like the brother Tom Selleck is ashamed to talk about."

I fold my arms in a pout. Whatever, I **know** I look good. "It's been three months, isn't there another one to replace you, yet?"

"Hey, Magnum P.I.G., how about I give you some advice to settle your Mike troubles?"

"No," I raise my voice, nailing my outer thigh right on the corner of my desk as I try to leave to get away from her.

"Can you not destroy the furniture as you barrel towards the exit? Burger King doesn't open for another three hours so you don't have to rush."

"Why don't you rush towards doing some fucking filing."

"Language, Butter King. Damn."

"You're fired, Blonde stupid... messy bangs... Queen! Fuck!"

She laughs so hard she braces herself by her knees. "Jesus, man. I hope you're better at parenting than you are insulting people."

"And I hope you're better at keeping the next job!" I speed off so I don't have to hear whatever dumbass insult she has next. Good riddance.

The more I get through this bag of Tostitos, the angrier I get. I've got more on my lap than I do my mouth. Mike has been over here all goddamn day. I mean, is this how the entire summer is going to go? I tilt back in my recliner some when they're quiet. They're only quiet when they're- "Hey! Three inch minimum! Leave the door open three inches!" Everything I do or say makes it worse with these two. Shit, now I regret firing Landis. She actually did help Calvin and his wife and they've never been happier. I'm desperate, and if she has advice, I'm going to take it.

I know she works nights at the Palace Arcade because I kinda, well, she might get under my skin but I'd be lying if I said it doesn't get me going. I didn't think she was seriously going to quit and now I'm bored as shit at work because there's no one to exchange insults with. Anyway, I kinda, uh, used my power to track her down. Ok, that's beside the point! Let's just hope she's working tonight because I'm about to go out of my mind.

Thankfully, I spot her scooping quarters out of the Burger Time game. "Hey, uh. Landis?" I clear my throat as I try to choke back my pride to apologize.

"You know we don't serve food here, right?" She locks the coin door

back up. As she rises upward, her eyes go to the crotch of my pants because I still haven't cleaned the crumbs from early on them. "I know it says Burger Time but this is a game," she enunciates as she pats the machine, "not a lifestyle."

"Are you done?"

"Are you?" She eyes my gut a second before going to the counter to deposit the coins like I'm not even here.

I think it's the way she brushes me off that always gets me going. I'm not used to actually having to work at getting a woman that I want into bed and I like it. "Look, I need to talk to you. Can you come outside?" I can't even hear myself think over all the screaming. This place is miserable.

"As my duties state," her fingers touch against the embroidered Palace Arcade patch on her shirt, "I have an obligation to keep the children of Palace Arcade-"

"I'll give you ten bucks," I interrupt her bullshit.

She thinks on it for a second. "I want the cash first." It's snatched from my hand almost as soon as it comes out of my wallet. "Impressive. You've managed to get fast food grease on even this before that's what it's used on." The cash is waved at me.

"Just come on!" I am not in the mood to be turned on right now. "Alright," I start once we're in the parking lot. "I wrote this letter with feelings," my eyes shift side to side, "and shit. You know, so I could talk to Mike and El about the uh, the things... I can't, um, you know, say and shit."

"You're such a great speaker, I don't know why you'd need a letter." She rolls her eyes. "First off, enough with writing letters. I mean, it's not like you're faking your death to move to Russia or something stupid like that that would warrant some sad letter to express everything you never did to your daughter. Second, did you try to actually relate to Mike? Or are you just hating on him because you think your daughter has replaced you? You're her father. Actually, you're like two fathers in one. She's not going to replace you, she's

just excited and this is something new. Find a way that shows you accept her choice in Mike as her boyfriend, the rest will just come naturally."

"Yeah... yeah, now I'm thinking. I need to relate to them." Damn, that was worth ten bucks. "You didn't have to quit. I thought insulting each other was our thing?" The girl we got to replace Landis is a moron. I actually enjoyed coming to work while Landis interned.

"Oh, that's what those were? Insults? Try harder, Everest."

"That was pretty weak."

"Not as weak as your furniture."

"Goddammit! Will you come back to work?"

"Nah, I better not. We're one more fight away from the bone zone."

I lose my annoyance real fast. "No shit?"

Her eyes widen as her jaw drops. "Oh my god. I just realized something. Your name rhymes with Whopper."

"Gimmie that," I bark, snatching back the ten dollar bill."

Before she goes inside, she pauses a second. "For the record, the face caterpillar is growing on me."

I grin like an idiot. "Really?"

"No," she cackles, the door closing behind her.

"Shit!"

I'm speeding to Palace Arcade because I have an idea in how to relate to El and Mike. I just need Landis to help me. El deserves a night out, so I figured I'd take those two out to eat and then to a movie. I'd ask Joyce to accompany me but the date we were supposed to go on she stood me up. Plus, with Landis, I'll be so preoccupied trying not to strangle her that I won't want to kill Mike.

Please be here, please be here, I murmur as I search the arcade frantically. Oh, thank god. "Landis, I need you." I wait for a comment to come about my overly vibrant bright colored shirt because she's eyeing it hard but it never does. "Hello?" I wave my hand in front of her face. "Are you sick or something? Don't you have something stupid to say about my shirt like I look like I ate Jimmy Buffett."

"Nice insult, and, no. That shirt is way too stylish for you. In fact, what are you doing with it?"

"It doesn't matter. I have an idea on how to relate to Mike and El, but I need you in order to do it."

"I want it. The shirt, before I agree to anything, I want it."

"My... what? No. This is mine I bought for a date."

She laughs, then she laughs even harder. "You? With a woman?"

"Hey, fuck you."

"No way, man. So about this shirt. Hand it over." Her hand is already stretched outward.

"I mean... right now? I don't have anything under it."

"Good point. It'd give the children nightmares."

"Are you always this way? Is there any part of you that's reserve? Empathetic?"

"Look, you know what my name means?"

"I don't care."

"Rough land, so strap yourself in because you're not going to like what I'm about to say. All this advice from people is great and all, but it doesn't do a bit of good if you don't believe it, which you won't because in your eyes you're never wrong. What exactly is the issue here? That, maybe, you're not the only man in her life anymore?"

"She's growing up too fast," I shout, then sink down in one of the

chairs for the driving game. "She's growing up **too** fast," I say a bit softer this time.

"You can't change that, but that's anyone, man. We always want more time, to stop time. So much so that we don't live in the now." She has a seat on my lap and starts up the driving game.

I try not to focus on the fact she's on my lap, or that this game is called pole position. "Wha- uh, what are you doing?"

"Driving, duh. Are you going to tell me what you need me for? I wanna collect on that shirt as soon as I can."

I groan every time she shifts because she uses her hips being as into the game as she is. "Can you get off my lap so I can think?"

"Don't hurt yourself now."

"So my idea is a double date. Mike, El, me, you-"

That gets her off my lap. "What?! I didn't agree to a date!"

I sigh heavily, shrugging my shoulders. "Please, Landis. I don't know how else to relate to her. It seems like every day she's growing more and more out of reach. She thinks I'm a joke, and I figured maybe if she sees me with someone like you she'll think I'm cool. That, maybe, she won't roll her eyes every time I enter a room."

"You have that effect on all women, huh?"

"Fucking forget it."

She puts her hand on my chest to stop me from leaving. "Well, can I wear the shirt? Or is that going to give your daughter the wrong impression about us?"

I perk up hopeful. "I don't care what you wear. You'll do it?"

"Fine, but we're going to Benihana. I just want to make it clear, I ain't talking about Benny's Burgers. And I want the lobster, so don't be cheap. This is going to be painful for me, so I need a little restitution."

"Alright, I'll pick you up Friday. Seven." Yes! Damn, I'm smooth. I'm practically gliding from the arcade.

"Wait. Oh my god. Gross! Can you at least pretend like you don't know where I live? I mean, it's bad enough you stalked me to this job."

"I signed your paychecks at work!" That's bullshit, of course.

"Bullshit. Get out of here before I change my mind. And, please, wash that shirt before you bring it to me."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I dismiss her.

Would you believe that Landis made me go back and wash that shirt of mine three fucking times? And you know what? I did it, too. I'm sure she only did it to assert dominance over me which worked, but I'm a glutton for punishment from a good looking woman.

The double date idea went over really well, and I even scored a smile from El when I presented it. I know I'm taking a risk with a night out like this, but what's some fun without a little risk? "Three inches," I chide when I catch El and Mike close in the rearview mirror. Thankfully, I don't cause an accident paying more attention to them than the road and we pull up safely.

Landis isn't even in the truck and already these two are impressed she lives in a motel. Room 7.

What the... she really is wearing my shirt. Goddamn, I need to lose some weight because she's wearing it as a dress with a belt through the middle. Wait, why is she barefoot? "Why are you barefoot?"

She gives me a look like I'm the crazy one. "My socks didn't dry. I was going to roll them up in the window and let them air-dry as we drive to the restaurant."

I just stare back at her, already annoyed. "Please tell me you're joking."

"No way, man. I don't want my shoes getting moldy." A pair of pink

hi-top Converse are set in her lap.

I watch her actually roll the socks up outside the window. God, I hope this place has liquor. "You're annoying me and we haven't even left yet."

"Jim, you didn't compliment my bribe- I mean my outfit."

"Ha," I scoff. "There's nothing to compliment."

"Hop, do you lie," El asks.

"Yeah, she's way outta your league, Chief," Mike adds.

I grip the steering wheel tighter. "I will turn this truck around so fast!"

Landis leans over and whispers to me. "You're fighting with a thirteen year old. You know this, right?"

"I'm surprised you can count that high."

Landis starts to laugh. "Alright, that's how it's going to be, Jimmy All You Can Eat Buffet."

Shit! That's way better than the one I thought of!

I'm not exactly into a place that cooks your food in front of you, leaving you salivating and almost begging like you're some dog, but El is overly impressed by everything so it does make me smile to see her happy.

"Never happier than when he's around food," Landis comments.

"No, I was actually thinking about the moment I drop you off tonight."

"Why? You're not coming inside."

This woman... "You should have a drink, it might actually turn you into a nice person."

"I don't drink, I don't like anything in control of my body but me."

I let out the most ridiculous laugh. "You have control? Over what? It sure isn't your mouth."

"You know, all this fighting can't be a good impression for your daughter."

"You should dump his ass," El says.

What did she just- "Language! And whose side are you on anyway!?"

"Hers," both El and Mike respond.

Landis wiggles her eyebrows. "Point one for me, Hawaiian Hamburglar."

I move my empty glass upward. "Waiter, I need another drink." This night is a train wreck.

"Jim," Diane says surprised when she and Bill are sat at the grill with us.

Oh my god, of all the fucking people in Indiana that could sit with us...

"You remember Bill," she comments.

Like I could forget? "This is my daughter Jane and her boyfriend Mike. And Landis," I introduce. I guess so much for us trying to have a night out without much attention.

"I'm his ex wife," Diane blurts out, making sure she looks at Landis.

I don't really understand why Diane needs to add that detail. Especially if it's some weird power trip over Landis. Like Diane is jealous or something. And it's not the only way she tries to take a jab at me. I'm two seconds from sprawling out on this grill and ending it all. Then I feel Landis' hand touch my pants pocket as she tugs my cigarettes from them. What the hell, she doesn't smoke. I'd snap at her if my blood was actually going to my brain.

She discreetly tucks them into the front of her shirt pocket, then widens her eyes like she's trying to signal me to say something.

I don't- wait. Ok, be cool. I start feeling all over my blazer, then feel my pockets. "Landis, have you seen my cigarettes?"

"Yes, you left them in your shirt." Landis fishes them out of the front pocket of her shirt and hands them over.

I don't have to look at Diane to know what she's thinking and it puts the ball back in my court, giving me that confidence back.

"Sir, your drink," the waiter says.

Or the waiter could ruin it. Diane already thinks I'm a drunk, now, all these years later I'm still doing it. "Wrong table," I dismiss him, trying to think fast.

"But, you ordered-"

"It's not my drink," I desperately try to send it back. "You must be mistaken."

"It's mine," Landis corrects him, taking the glass.

If not for Landis, I wouldn't have survived this dinner from hell, but I do. Seeing Diane could have really fucked me up yet I actually feel a bit at peace this time. "Thank you," I tell Landis when we get into my truck. Never did I think Landis of all people would stand up for me. It came at a time when I could have been my weakest. She didn't have to imply to Diane that we were sleeping together, or take the fall for my drinking, but she did to put Diane in her place after her snide comment.

I pull up to Starcourt Mall at the front entrance. "Look, why don't you two go enjoy your movie. We'll wait here." I reach into my pocket and give El a few dollars. "Here's a few bucks for snacks. Leave those here and go enjoy the movie." I get to see a brief smile before Mike tugs her hand from the truck. Once they're inside the mall, I pull off to a spot near the back.

"That was pretty cool of you."

"I was just hungry." I reach for the box of Junior Mints on the back seat. "Look, you didn't have to do what you did back at the restaurant."

"Forget it," Landis shrugs. "She was being catty, she got what was coming to her. Don't sweat her, man."

I used to, a lot actually. It's taken me a long time to be ok with it, but nights like this are a little hard.

Landis snaps her fingers a few times, holding out her hand. "Where's mine?"

"You've got arms," I point behind me before ripping the top off the box of mints. I notice out of the corner of my eye she gets Fun Dip. Of course. Christ, watching her eat it is torture. That mouth leaving no trace of powdered candy on the stick. I clear my throat adjusting some in the seat.

"You can have some," she offers when she notices my staring.

"No, I don't really like that stuff." I just like watching you eat it.

"Hey, why does your daughter call you Hop? I noticed she said it a few times. She's definitely not the Diane chicks. In fact, she looked quite surprised you even had a kid to begin with."

"El's, uh, adopted. I just don't think she's comfortable yet calling me dad, you know? Which is fine. I know she cares."

"That says a lot about a person that takes on that kind of responsibility. Especially being a single dad."

It's been such a long time since a woman has genuinely complimented me, so naturally, I brush it off because I don't know how to take it. I put a junior mint in my palm and slap my forearm so it launches across the truck her way. It's pretty funny when she catches it in her mouth so I do it again. This time, I get a laugh from her.

"Tell me about your date. The woman you bought the shirt initially for."

"What date? She never showed up." I'm really starting to think that Joyce and I are better friends than lovers. "Are you asking because you're jealous?"

"Just looking for new material to bust your balls over."

The corner of my lip coils upward as I chuckle to myself. "Speaking of material, the shirt does look better on you, by the way. Or I guess the dress since I'm a blimp."

"Hey, look," she turns some in the seat and takes my hand, "all this fat shit talking, I'm sorry. I was pretty overweight as a child and teenager so I should know more than anyone how much it hurts. I can be a real dick sometimes."

I swallow hard, squeezing her hand back. "I don't take it to heart because I know you're not being mean. We give each other shit, that's how it goes. I like it, it keeps me sharp."

"I've sat on your lap. I know how sharp you are."

"That's, uh," I start to laugh. "Not an insult."

"I said sharp, never did I imply-"

I lean in and grab her by the ponytail as my lips press harshly against hers. There's a surprise whimper I get from her, but not so much so that she stops it. My hand guides hers to my jeans so I can run the tips of her fingers against my arousal. Let's see you have something snide to say about that. I unzip my pants, yanking on that ponytail.

Her hand moves up over my pants as she tugs me free. She gets down between the seats, her head starting to bob and down.

I let out a deep breath, holding her by the back of her nape. My other hand brushes her hair over some so I can watch her mouth at work. "Finally, something that mouth is good for." I let go of her neck, holding her in place by her hair. As I move from her mouth, I trace the head of my cock over those rouge lips of hers before making her take as much of me as she can. "Fuck," I shiver because it's so goddamn good. Especially hearing the muffled sounds of hers over my cock. "Come sit on my lap."

She frees me from her mouth and she takes in a breath. "Is sitting on your face going to be the only way to get you to shut that gaping trap of yours?"

I take her by the jaw and lean in. "I won't tell you again." I release her and dig inside my pocket to get a rubber which doesn't go over well with Landis at all.

"I'm offended you actually brought-"

"Bullshit. Let me reach between those legs and see how fucking offended you are." I scoff when she has nothing to say in return. "That's what I thought. Now scoot those panties to the side or I'm going to rip them off." I move my jeans and underwear down just enough before she straddles me, her right leg having to rest against the door. The seat only goes back enough that she doesn't hit the steering wheel but even this is a tight fit. I grab myself by the hilt, running my length across her smooth skin. Her teeth sink into that bottom lip as I give her one possessive thrust upward. "Shit!"

"Oh," she moans, rocking her hips to accept all of me.

Of all the endless possibilities I've thought to fuck this woman, this is not one of them.

"Isn't this public indecency?" She throws back her head, her hips bucking hard against me.

"I don't care," I moan. "I'm the Chief of police." Fuck. Yes. "I can do anything I want." I reach up and brace the top of the truck as this woman goes to town. When she leans against the steering wheel, the horn sounds causing her to clench startled. This is by far one of the most difficult positions, but, my god, it's worth it. My hands latch onto her ass to help pick up the pace. I can tell she's close, but I'm not about to let her have that satisfaction yet. I turn her around so her back is against my chest. "That's it." I hold her by her throat as I claim her in one long thrust.

"Oh!" Her hands come down hard on my forearms as she's desperate to grab something.

I undo the top two buttons before slipping my hand between the fabric and her smooth skin. My hand cups the underside of her breast as my thumb and index finger roll her nipple between them.

"Yes," she moans, moving faster on me.

"Greedy much?"

"Fuck you."

I laugh, leaning in as my lips touch her ear. "Language." I know it pisses her off that it's the one time she doesn't have her reserves, but it brings me satisfaction to watch the woman, that for three long months I have thought about bending her over my desk, have zero control and beg me to fuck her. I pull out, stilling her against me as I just tease her with the head. Making her watch hopeful every time she thinks I'll claim her once again. "Touch yourself."

"Jim-"

"Don't make me tell you again." She's out of her goddamn mind if she thinks she's the one in control. The corner of my lip tugs upward as her fingers turn furious.

She takes my hand, making my fingers do the work.

Well played. Christ. "Move your legs apart more." My index finger trails her sensitive skin, pressing harder to her clit.

Landis moans, reaching for my cock. "I want you," she begs.

I hook my forearm under her thigh, taking my fingers from her briefly to guide myself into her, slowly, inch by agonizing inch. This constant wanting becoming a reality almost makes me come undone. I stop thrusting for a moment, ripping open the shirt. "Play with your tits." Me deep inside her, her fingers pinching her nipples, my finger circling her clit, and my teeth on her nape bring the most arousing moans I have ever heard from a woman. And it is a sight to see!

There are no more words from Landis, just these short little gasps until one gets caught in her throat. "Jim, yes," she cries as her walls tighten around me.

Having this woman lose herself on both me and my hand, fuck! My eyes slam shut, finding my hard release. I moan harshly against her ear as I slowly bring her to a stop.

She slouches back against my chest, trying to catch a breath.

"Goddamn, that was good. Shit!" Ever since I saw her on her knees at the filing cabinet in my office I knew I had to have that. No more time lost wondering what it's like. I fix her bra back on those perfect tits before buttoning her shirt into place.

"Thank you."

"I didn't do it for you, I didn't so I don't get turned on again. That movie will be over soon." I clean up as best I'm able, discarding any evidence in one of the many trash cans in the parking lot. I know that things between me and Landis are anything but typical. We're not closer now that we've shared a moment. She'll probably go right back to insulting me. And I'll go right back to taking it.

In fact, Landis starts digging through my cassettes. "Crap," she flings one to the side. "Crap." There goes another one. "More crap."

I should be irritated by tapes littering the floor, but I'm not. "Think I could bribe you again sometime? But maybe just the two of us?"

"Just don't take me to Enzo's. That place screams you're trying way too hard." Landis stops thumbing through the tapes as her eyes shoot up to mine. "Of course you had that place in mind."

"Will you just shut up and let me take you out? I mean, Christ, I don't even wanna do it anymore."

"Oh thank God, I was only going to agree to be nice."

"No you goddamn weren't. You're anything but nice to me." My cigarettes are pretty much destroyed from her knee digging into my hip but I manage to salvage one.

"Why not just skip dinner and get down to business?"

"Wha- like fuck friends?"

"You really do make it impossible to underestimate you..." She gives me an unamused look. "Yes, Jim, friends with benefits."

How do I get myself in these situations? I don't know if friends with benefits is a good or bad thing.

She pushes a tape into the player. "Yes! I love this song!" Landis turns up the volume on the radio. "You don't tug on Superman's cape," she screams off key as she claps her hands together. "You don't spit into the wind!"

Why does **everything** this woman do turn me on? God almighty, help me.

A/N Thank you for reading!